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“Wakean Readings: Translating *Finnegans Wake* into Korean”

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Fellow Joycean scholars, it gives me great joy and honor to have been invited to give my second lecture this time here in this sacred room of Newman House. A special thanks I extend to Dr. Fogarty who invited me to this prestigious Joyce Summer School, and whose generous assistance has made this visit possible.

Five years ago, in 1993 I delivered a paper about some problems of translation of James Joyce's works here in this same place. This time I will present a paper with the similar subject of “Wakean Readings: Translating *Finnegans Wake* into Korean”. The reason why I so much doggedly knock on the door of translation is that through more than 30 years of my translation career I have realized that the subject per se is one of the most sincere tenacities for Joycean texts as well as one of the most close studies. Joycean texts, particularly *Ulysses* and *Wake*, are the manifestos of hybrid

Modernism which requires metaphysics of emotion and intellect for their perfect apprehension, whose intricacy and compression of the sentences should indicate the difficulties that confront the reader as well as the translator. The closest reader of course is the translator, to whom I can only say that the inner logic of sharp, waking, verbal wit of the works of art still remained unknowable behind their polyponies, makes such close analysis a necessity. This time I will deal with some examples from *Ulysses* as well as from *Wake*.

The translation of *Ulysses* and *Wake* covers so wide a creative space that it requires a translator's creative capability to the extreme. In this case, translation intrinsically is the interpretation of the text and the creative art, so that it cannot be regarded as a common metaphrastic literalism of the text to fill up the the gap of two languages and cultures. In other words, the translation of this work holds its limitation of reemergence of the content of the text, though it requires the highest originality of the translator from the beginning. No translation can produce the multi-lingual interpretations of *Wake* if one considers its peculiarities of linguistic technicality. Another inescapable restriction or limitation that the translation of Joyce's difficult works has to exceed is caused by the de-constructive process of languages they contain. That is to say, in translation as in the original text it is impossible to reproduce the peculiar linguistic functions achieved through the deconstructive process of English as well as through the inducement of the formation of its polysemantic meanings. Because of these peculiarities, the translation of the work itself is considered to be the object of research to Western scholars as well as Easterns.

Translation requires a process of reorientation that unescapably results in omission and addition on the part of the translator. Thus the original work and the translated version produced can never be the same. Fritz Senn indicates, " /translations/ also represent diverse points of view, reflections in

mirrors throwing back light on the original"(Senn 2). The complexity and diversity of Joyce's novels' like *Ulysses* and *Wake* invariably results in the translator's personal interpretations of variety. Thus, the task of translating *Wake* is far from being hopeless, and the only effort on the part of the translator is that how he can create more efficient and effective translations of the original. Samuel Beckett says of *Wake*: "Here form is content, content is form. . . . *His writing is not about something; it is that something itself.*"(Beckett 14)

Thus, translation also requires the skill and sensibility of form and content of the literary work to be translated. The translator of *Ulysses* and *Wake* should in particular be equipped with two basic requisites for the success of translation: one a sufficient knowledge of the text itself and the other the literary craftsmanship of 'classical temper' to transform Joyce's formalism into something else. The mind of a translator-practitioner of art, "weaving and unweaving his image" (in Stephen's words), oscillates between the intention of the pedantic accuracy of translating the original and the agony of the hopeless inadequacy of his translated version. The Agenbite of Inwit to be felt by him over the discrepancy between the original and the translation is certainly a product of honesty. Nevertheless, translation work has to continue because it is the art of possibility.

I am currently engaged in translating *Finnegans Wake* into Korean since my publication of Korean translation of *Ulysses* in 1988. As we all know, translating *Wake* into any other language may be asserted to be almost an impossibility. None the less, some translations of the work are in progress in this world and it remains eminently transmutable. A Korean translation is no exception. I have already translated and published two chapters (7th and 8th) of Joyce's last work in recent years and now I am working on translating the opening chapter. During my work I have inevitably experienced many translation problems and it should be pointed out that the

translated work also demonstrates a variety of brandnew technical elements such as Joyce's particular use of, say, elliptic style, neologism, linguistic punning, verbal usages, mosaic design, intellectual contents, etc.

To be sure the Korean version runs full of life, but it is a life Joyce did not know, however skillfully does the masterly transwriter do his level best, "paring his fingernails"(as Stephen says). Clearly that type of "translation," while it may serve the purpose of extending the literary bounds of the language in which it appears, is not meant to be substitute for the original work of art, as if the goal of literary translation proper. If the atmosphere, the characterization, the fine artistic touches in a piece of serious literature are often features essential to its identity as a work of art, then how particularly true this is of a work of such consummate complexity and finish as *Ulysses* and *Wake*. They are the very life and essence of the work. The path of transwriting is simply closed to any one attempting a translation of a masterpiece of this quality.

In translating *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, one has to try to preserve its artistic integrity as closely as possible. That is the reason why the unique achievements of Joyce's works put his translator in a particular position. With serious literature there is a possibility of doing what may be described as 'transwriting' instead of translation proper. Alexander Pope's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, for instance, appeared in six volumes between 1715 and 1720. This is his ambitious undertaking and Pope was no great Greek scholar, and his *Iliad* is not, and was not intended to be, an accurate rendering, but rather a poetic paraphrase in a highly theatrical poetic idiom of which Pope was complete master. "It's a very pretty poem, but you mustn't call it Homer," the great classical scholar Richard Bentley is said to have remarked to Pope, and this is in its way, and in its way irrelevant. For Pope the language of a true heroic poem must be elevated and never mean. The master's ideology has a thread of connection with recent

Modernist's---the aesthetic autonomy and independent whatness of the work of art---almost to that degree summarized by the famous dictum that 'a poem should not mean but be.' Pope's work is "*not about something; it is that something itself*," as Beckett writes. And the elevated heroic style which he developed for his own heroic couplets might be used here, but to be elevated is not to be stilted: Here the poet admired Homer's 'spirit and fire' and he contrived his own quality of this in his translation. Pope's such sort of methodology of the poetic craftsmanship which subsumed all the immense variety of Homer might be applicable to the translation of Joyce's works, particularly *Finnegans Wake* (whose poetic quality is highly evaluative and novelistic one often problematic).

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Before taking up the main subject of translation problems in *Finnegans Wake*, I will cite some Wakean words in *Ulysses* and try to discuss some difficulties of translating them. In the process of translating Joycean texts, particularly *Ulysses*, we find some difficulties in making into translation the meanings of many layers of them, such as cultural, historical, mythological, theological, literary and so forth. What follows is a selection of the results of the Korean translation of *Ulysses* that I had so far conducted. I think it sheds light on the difficult art of translation and helps to give body to the usually elusive ideas of gains and losses in its execution.

In the opening page of *Ulysses*, the day begins with a parody of the Mass. Buck Mulligan, mimicking a priest approaching the altar, sings the introit and carries his shaving-bowl like the chalice:

---Introibo ad altare Dei.

According to Kenner, the Latin words Mulligans intones are from the Players at the Foot of the Altar, then inseparable from the Mass. Mulligan here pretends to be a Black Mass celebrant and recites from the *Ordo* through the motion of an Irish priest. This *Ordo* quotes from St Jerome's Latin version of Hebrew words ascribed to a Psalmist in exile: "Va-a-vo-ah el mizbah elohim." So we might set the first words spoken in the novel inside six sets of quotation marks:

----' ' ' ' ' ' *Introibo ad altat Dei.*" ' ' ' ' ' ' (Kenner 34-35)

Thus we realize that this Hebrew cry for help amid persecution might be contained in a multiple integument of context, a world within six lays of nutshell universe. However, Kenner's above complex explication that Mulligan as a stage-Irishman, who quotes the introit of being piled up one allusion on another, is in a way of too his own accord and reminds us of once again Kavanagh's satiric poem "Who Killed James Joyce?" How could the translator of the novel replace these complex lays of meaning or religious colloquialisms with something very contemporary to us, even though Mulligan means none of all these? Does the translator think succeeded in capturing Joyce's syntactic effects? What the Korean translator did in the typical section was that whenever and wherever he could he even invented words and was innovative in his translation.

This peculiarity of a translator's innovation can be discernible in the Wakean mystifications or polysemantic connotations of the phrasing of "Back to barracks." Mulligan is notorious for his homo-sexuality, and his mimickings and blasphemous mockeries of a priest approaching the altar in this scene and other places always intermix with his sexualities. We may approach Joycean text from the view of behavioristic psychology, an important aspect of New Criticism. For example, "buck" is a bare stallion,

a sexually strong and favorite to women. Mulligan's act of climbing the "gunrest" itself suggests a sexual Bello, a Circe of the nighttown hallucination, who declares "Footstool! Feel my weight." Here "gun" symbolizes phallus and "gunrest" is a kind of fetishistic womb. Mulligan's cry "Back to barracks" suggests his sexual urge to Stephen to "back to bare acts."

Thus, the ambiguous phrasing remarks Mulligan's physical and mental transfiguration. "Barracks" hints a Roman Bacchus in a Wakean sense of word. This suggests to Mulligan the leave-taking from his Hebraistic temper and the acceptance of his 'Hellenic ring', since he tempts Stephen to lead to that direction: "We must go to Athens." The translator here becomes the catcher of Popean 'spirit and fire' of the source text. "For this, O dearly beloved. . .": here it is inferred that Mulligan is of frontal nakedness and the pronoun "this" might be indicative of his sexual organ or what we call "Esprit de corps" on display for mild air to caress. It can readily be imagined that he refers to his own organ: "this is genuine." He now plays a role of both a stripteaser and a masturbator on stage with the order of "slow music and shut your eyes, gents." Even though Mulligan does not display directly any sign of homo-eroticism, he uses freely words of homo sex many times within tower and down on the beach such as "Yes, my love" or "Make room in the bed." This analysis has confirmed my belief once again that a literary translator should always be Joyce killer in Kavanagh's ironical sense and must work for the closest approximation in total effect akin to the text.

In Proteus chapter Stephen meditates that sonship is upheld by a *lex eterna* transcending human parenthood. That is what the orthodox doctrine of the consubstantiality of Father and Son means. His Wakean ironical compound word, "contransmagnificandjewbangtentiality"(36 alphabets) includes at least seven words such as 'consubstantiality,'(1) 'transubstantiality,'(2)

'magnific (which suggests Magnificat,(3) plus 'magnificent'(4) and 'magnify(5),' "Jew"(6), and "Bang.(7)" Chinese characters are ideal for the translation of this congested word and thus it becomes: "神聖 (1)同質 (2)全質 (3)讚 (4)壯歌 (5)猶太 (6)統合論 (7)(pronounced *sinsungdorzilzeunzilcharzanggayoutaetonghapron*). Nevertheless, it is very hard to make a translation of "Bang" into Chinese, because "Bang" suggests both the controversial origin of Christianity and the sustained controversy over Arianism. What is more, this research of Kavanagh's scrupulous criticism has demonstrated succinctly that the great linguistic and cultural distance and discrepancy between the East and the West is not insuperable.

It is meaningful to compare the concluding four pages of "Oxentail" section, a nearly indistinguishable polyglot of contemporary dialects and argot, with the Wakean words. Several critics have pointed out its similarity to and foreshadowing of the language of *Finnegans Wake*. But the major difference is that in this section of not only a pentecostal vitality but also a pentecostal unintelligibility the meaning is decipherable, for the most part, and the allusions are discernible on close reading. The language approaches chaos, presumably akin to the chaos of the heterogeneousness of this century, but still not without underlying meaning. Here we realize that the gestation process being terminated not in universal harmony after the birth of the word but in a chaotic argot of contemporary language, the cheap promises of a common evangelist uses the language to sell religion like cough medicine. However, while most of the Wakean words are of polyphonous and polysemous implication and full of orthographic nuances, here in this section language disintegrates into a violent, explosive chattering in which slang, dialect, and the utterance of illiteracy go side by side with the sensational vulgarity. Here the translator's craftsmanship which subsumes all meticulously realistic rendering of details of drunkards' vulgarities into his spirited artistic refinement, will represents a remarkable achievement. An

ideal transwriter should try to gain a new kind of vigor, not losing vitality in the process of translation, as for an example of this particular section.

Towards the closing section of "Oxentail" the landlord calls Time. The mysterious man in macintosh appears again, and someone says, "See him today at a runefal?" Here "runefal" seems to suggest the farrago of truncated drunken words of "run for all" or "funeral", which reminds us of the Wakean "funfernal," a compound fracture of "fun for all" and "funeral". My Korean version of this word does not shine such Joycean witty brilliance of Joyce's two texts and it has only just created a big gap between the source word and the target one. Nevertheless the translator endeavors to show a certain roguishness in this notorious talks of the rowdy group. Thus, the all but meaningless word 'runefal' assumes some unexpected meaning because its sound suggests to the reader of a translated version an association, also with the the funeral ritual which has been taken in the morning of Bloomsday. The translator can recognize through his trenchant rendition of translation that Joyce, pioneer and transsensual spirit, could not here repose contentedly, as in his *Finnegans Wake*, within the bounds of linguistic expression delimited by the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

In the Circean universe of Joycean Nighttown, the hallucinogenic reigns. Any material object can come alive and talk, animated by the mental energies of a beholding eye. Art is, quite literally, magic. External perception stimulates inner phantasmagoria, and the mind has unrestricted power to concretize illusion. People and events are propelled by the explosive forces of intoxicated fantasy. In this surrealistic dreamplay tantamount to the ritual of confession, it is interesting to witness that here reality and fantasy intersect each other by the action of some typical catalyses such as fog, fume, smoke, kiss, wreaths of tobacco smoke, etc. For instance, in the middle of this mid-summer night's dream Bloom is suddenly in the ascendant through the veil of smoke associated with the

dreams of the languorous, seductive East, who is metamorphosed into a radical agitator, an Alderman, the Lord Mayor, a successful demagogue, etc.

Furthermore, It is also intriguing to realize that language itself simultaneously becomes broken to be a Wakean ultrasonic one through this Emile Zola's or Renoir's impressionistic mood of chiaroscuro (Maurice Beebe dates the Age of Modernism from the time of the French Impressionists of 1882). Stephen and Leopold Bloom in this masquerade or psychodrama recreate a nightmare history so as to transcend its grasp and its associative overtone. They become aware of unconscious guilt paralyzing volition; and in a process similar to Freudian psychoanalysis, they dramatically exorcise the ghosts that haunt their tortured mindscapes.

For example, in the beginning stage of this provocative scene Bloom appears through the snakes of river fog and stagnant fumes, "flushed, panting, cramming bread and chocolate into a sidepocket." Surrendering wearily to "brainfogfag", he has a brief exchange in Spanish and Gaelic with an imaginary sinister figure identified by him as a Gaelic league spy sent by the Citizen who reviled him at Barney Kiernan's. Here animated objects suddenly take shape out of the fog and machines overcome Bloom with sexual force: "Through rising a fog a dragon sandstrewer. . . . slews a heavily down upon him. . . ." Mechanical and menacing monsters scream at him incomprehensibly out of mist: "Bang Bang Bla Bak Blud Bugg Bloo"(U 355). And finally Bloom recedes into phantasmagoria by way of a catalysis fog. Here we experience two Wakean phrasings of portmanteau, "Brainfogfag" and "Bang Bang. . . Bloo." The first is the sudden fusion of three words of "the ineluctable modality of the visible" plus two words (fogfag) of "the ineluctable modality of the audible." The second is grouped into the words of onomatopoeic effect as well as a 'bug' Bloom feels as helpless and whose 'blood'("Bloo. . . Me? No. /Blood of the Lamb") is about to be shed in inadvertent sacrifice.

In the Nighttown of all the chimeras that haunt the imaginations of all living characters, wreaths of smoke, kisses and fog play an provocative role of Bloom's mental transfiguration all together. We instantly read his psychic narcotization through these catalyses on the spot. Bloom "plodges forward again through the sump. Kisses chirp amid the rift of fog."(U 387) seductively around him, and we are back again in the real world of this hallucinatory town from which he took leave when feeding the dog. It is notable that as the prostitute' wreaths of cigarette smoke heralded his departure from actuality, the cooing kisses herald his return. Here kisses' warbling might be applied to the categorization of Wakean words from the purport of their linguistic pyramidicality, the mixture of denotative and connotative overtones.

Here the Korean translation equally eliminates the explicitness of the English expression that the original retains in the above passage of "Kisses". The visual and auditory effects unfortunately cannot be matched in Korean version. The translator should be adventurous enough and recreate the distinguishing stylistic peculiarity of the same passage. He tries to render the puns in his own language, and manages to reproduce the puns in Korean or to replace it with similar one. Thus these puns can be rendered somewhat satisfactorily in target language, even though the results are quite not so witty or effective as in these cases of Joyce's literary devices.

Like the substitution of the neologism "upupa" for "utopia" in the "Oxen of the Sun," like "Jewgreek" and "greekjew" in "Circe," the representation of a Hellenic-Hebraic synthesis necessary to health and balance in our civilizations, or like the composite names "Stoom" and "Blephen" in "Ithaca", suggesting a consubstantiality of two natures, the Wakean linguistic fusion of associations from numerous experiences of exclusion and treachery give a characteristic powerful and intensive nuances of mood and idea to the text *Ulysses*. For example, Bloom, like HCE in *Finnegans Wake*, both

micro- and macrocosmic, guiltily gurgles in the fantasies of sexual violation; Lynch quotes Hamlet's words about holding "the mirror up to nature," and both Stephen and Bloom, gazing into the mirror, are identified with a cuckolded Shakespeare, who has been paralyzed by primordial wounds of seduction and adultery, who adapts Oliver Goldsmith and crows, caponlike, another betrayal (Othello choking his Desdemona, "Old fellow" his "Thursdaymornun. Iagogogo."). (This truncated torso figure may give advance to the possible metamorphosis of the bard in Wake such as "Chickspeer"(145. 24), "Missy Cheekspeer"(257. 19-20), "Scheekspair"(229. 39-230. 01), and the like.)

In translating the broken words or phrases full of convenient fictional coincidences and various literary allusions, as far indicated above, the Korean translator again should first be a critic-scholar-connoisseur in the source language who can fully appreciate subtlety in the text; then he needs to be an artist with a creative imagination, who, "like the God of creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork." This invisibility or being refined out of existence is just like "homeomorphic egoism" of a translator and a Poundian E. P. -Maunderley figure. In other words, he has to have a delicate and talented touch almost comparable to the writer's but expressible indifferently in the target language. Gabler's correction of "Thursdaymornun" of the Modern Library edition of 1961 to "Thursdaymornun" with an addition of "r", according to Professor Schwarz's explication, "seems to blur the thrust of the [original] passage"(Schwarz 217). This newfound impressionistic blurring effect is another problematic factor to the translator who stands rooted in bewilderment as this Wakean semantic barrage whizzes past his ears.

In the case of a translator, "Autontimorumenos"(to borrow Stephen's term), working this sort of changed linguistic effect in a language as distant as Korean understandably, his crux of difficulty becomes more than

measurable. Again in the same scene where Stephen and Bloom gaze in the mirror, Shakespeare says in dignified ventriloquy: "Thou thoughtest as how thou wastest invisible"(U 463). By adding "test" to "was" and at the same time adding "st" to the verb "waste," "wastest" becomes a humorous device of ersatz Elizabethan language that punningly gives special impressiveness of Bloom's estrangement from his role of husband, father, and son. The variations on "Iago"- "Iagogo" and "Iagogogo"- stress that both Stephen and Bloom feel that they have been betrayed. Here not to mention the special syntactical, stylistic features, along with linguistic puns which are of course Joycean miracles in English, but which oftentimes are frightening agitation to a Korean translator, even the rendering of the simplest of words can cause psychic tortures known to many Eastern-language scholars.

Now Let us change our course in the direction of translating *Finnegans Wake*.

As Harry Levein points it out, Joyce's intention "to synchronize past, present, and future in the timelessness of millennium"(Levein 165) is quite logically and rationally materialized in the idiosyncratic language of dream in *Wake*. But at first glance we realize that this, what we call "Wakean ultrasonic language", is just like a jester's punnings of madness, and we readers, particularly many an Asian reader are likely lost in the big and complex forest which hardly makes their ways through. In spite of the fact, the infinite possibilities and profound charm, scientific elaborateness and scholarly rationality of this work have bound many Eastern readers under its luring spell.

The translation of *Wake*, a magic work of art written intertwiningly used in almost 40 different languages, into any other language or in any other form is almost impossible. The only possibility or rather probability of making readable version of the "usylessly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles, edition de tenebres" or the work of "deliberately entangled language

system”(to borrow Weaver’s terms) (Joyce 590), seems to render the matrix or the surface plot of the work into other languages, particularly Korean, together with some linguistic craftsmanship of a translator. Of course, to translate *Wake* is a difficult task on a sheer technical level. In the case of Korean version, what is usually regarded as the greatest impediment to its translation, namely the extensive use of puns and portmanteaus, is not in practice a great source of anxiety after all. It is not difficult to overload a tongue with other tongues. As for the puns, the occasional loss of an element at one point in the translation may be compensated by its appearance at some other adequate point. Translating *Wake* is a “polytrophic endeavor” of “serial approaches,” as Senn writes (Senn 208).

Now I would like to discuss some major aspects of Shem and Anna Livia Plurabelle Chapters and to refer to some translation problems about them, since I have so far translated these two chapters into Korean. In Book 1, Chapter 7, commonly ironic about Shem and Shaun, Joyce is heavily jocular in this elaborate portrait of Shem as a young man ---as if the effort required for distancing were almost too formidable for ease. The writer does his best; but the quiet irony of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is more agreeable. The autobiographical portrait of an artist is described throughout all Joyce’s works and this Shem the Penman Chapter reveals another Stephen Dedalus of the earlier works. As we read on about Shem we find that he has even more in common with Joyce in this deliberate self-parody. Nobody reading the present chapter could doubt that but Shem’s many failings, down to his eye-patch, derive from Joyce himself. In the opening line we read “Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob.” Here of course ‘hemus’ is a peasant in Yeats’s *Countess Cathleen* who sells his soul to devil to get money. In the Korean translation ‘Shemus’ is partially destructive in ‘the modality of the visible.’ But this destruction does not matter very much, since it is not a Shem

figure and rather scorns the abhorrence of diabolical agents. Shem is a Satanic, Luciferian, Faust-like scapegoat of self sacrifice. In the same line 'joky' has a connotation of at least four words like 'jo,' 'joy,' 'joke,' and 'Joyce,' and it is the synchronization of all these words. A Korean translator coinages '嘲氣(Korean, pronounced *zogee*),' and he tries to bring forth the dualistic effects of visual and auditory images of his brandnew neologism.

Having explained how he came to be called Shem, Shaun starts off his biography of the artist-brother he openly detests with a few sketchy words about his origins. There are some, he admits, who pretend that Shem came from fairly respectable clean-living ancestors; but honesty compels him to say that everyone alive today knows perfectly well that the beggar's "back life will not stand been written about. "Here the opening passage is not so difficult for us, because we can catch its matrix relatively easily; and this matrix, we can say, is translatable. In the following I will follow for the sake of convenience the order of 1) the text, 2) the exegetical analysis, 3) matrix, 4) explication and 5) finally Korean translation:

1. text

A few toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines of Ragonar Bluebarb and Horrid Hairwire and inlaw to Capt. the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood de Trop Blogg was among his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will not stand being written about in black and white.

2. exegetical analysis

169. 2. toughneck: stiffneck

169. 2. getatable: accessible: approachable

- 169. 2. pretend: affirm(F): assert
- 169. 2. aboriginally: from earliest known times: of aborigine
- 169. 3. stemming: growing out of like a stem: ancestry: origins
- 169. 3. outlex: illegitimate child: lawless
- 169. 4. Ragonar (Lodbrok): Viking chief (Ragnar Lodbrok)
- 169. 4. Blaubarb: Bluebeard(a fairy-tale character: his having hidden the bodies of his murdered wives in a room which his seventh wife was forbidden to enter): blau(G): barb: barbarian: beard: a sharp projection as from the point of an arrow
- 169. 4. Horrid: horrid(horrible): Harald Fair Hair: 1st king of Norway
- 169. 4. Hairwire: hair like wire
- 169. 4. inlaw: a relative by marriage
- 169. 5. Bbyrdwood: Beardwood: a friend of Joyce's father
- 169. 5. de Trop: (F) superfluous
- 169. 5. Trop Blogg

3. matrix

A few thoughnecks are still accessible who affirm that aboriginally he was of respectable ancestry (he was a lawless between the lines of Ragonar Bluebeard and Horrid Hairwire and inlaw to Capt. the Hon. and Rev. Mr Bbyrdwood of superfluous Blogg was among his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of today knows that his back life will not stand being written about in black and white.

4. explication

Here in his explanation of the origins of his artist-brother Shem,

Shaun uses some sketchy words with irony, cynicism, blasphemous ill-feeling, particularly mentioning Blaubarb, Horrild Hairwire and Bbyrdwood. In these three ancestral names the hairy and bearded images of stiffness and woodedness are strong. In order to translate these, the use of the Chinese characters are true to nature, because of their etymological modality of the visible and the audible. It is necessary for a translator to use "so many trial alignments"(in Kenner's words) (Kenner 60) to render the passages, particularly this one, full of satirical wit and comical jocularly into other languages of constant transmutation. Especially, a Korean translator's neologism mixed with Chinese characters like Joyce's comes entirely from his originality.

5. Korean translation

그가 土着的으로 존경할 만한 家門 출신임을 확신하는 몇몇 頑首者들도 있는지라(그는 靑針鬚(Blaubarb) 恐怖의 鐵絲髮(Hairwire)의 사이의 한 無法者 및 大將 閣下 師 鬚森(Bbyrdwood)氏의 근친이 그의 가장 먼 친척들 가운데 하나 인지라) 그러나 오늘의 空間의 땅에 있어서 善意의 모든 正直者라면 그의 裏面 생활이 黑白으로 쓰여질 수만은 없음을 알고 있도다.

Like the above example of translating personal pronouns like Blaubarb, Hairwire, Bbyrdwood and so forth, we can take "gullible's travels(173. 3)," a phrase of both the title of Swift's literary work and the traveling of meaning. The coined word "gullible" like other personal pronouns such as "hivanhosed", "Scheekspair(191. 2)" or "doriangray(186. 8)", is not an exceptional case of its queer formation in *Wake*, which, unlike many of very commonplace names, taxes the translator's ingenuity even more with its complexity of meanings. Thus its Korean version, "假裏바旅行"(pronounced *galibayeohang*), is really the coinage of a translator's brain and produces an

effect closer to the original than the others, because “假裏” in Chinese or Korean word means “camouflage” plus “backstage maneuvering,” which carry some semantic meaning or appear to denote something quite related. Here the Korean translator tries to restore to life the mechanical formation of “polymorphous perversity”(to borrow Norman O. Brown's terms) of Wakean words by making an appeal to the visible and audible senses of his own neologism. Nonetheless, the exotic Korean or Chinese 洗盆收皮語 (Shakespeare), though it is well translated by every conceivable means, cannot produces the similar connoted phrasings like “Shakhisbeard”(177. 31) or “shaggspick(177. 31) (pick shag) described in the other parts of the text.

As delineated above, the intricacy and compression of the Wakean words or sentences, which are found not unusually in the course of molding the matrix out of the original text, should indicate the difficulties that confront the reader, particularly the translator. To those who would accuse the translator of “overreading”the words, he can positively affirm the inner logic of Joycean Brobdingnagian art to make us open desperately such portals of volitional discovery and do such tasks of Sisyphus. In actuality, the translator's conceit and wit of his artistic work of blending his emotion and intellectual ingenuity in the smithy of his soul, characterized by the boldness of literary devices, strongly remind us of those of the seventeenth century metaphysicians, from whom the early twentieth century hyper Modernists origin, to whom the delighted response of them is well-known. Here again, we are reminded of Kavanagh's ironic criticism: “Who killed James Joyce?” Thus, translating *Wake* is an endless and never-fully-satisfying process. One may translate a single paragraph for weeks without ceasing to find new meanings in it and without ceasing to wonder if what one has translated was really there or is only one's own importation. It should be clear by now through the art of translation that although the text is written in a “night language”, the organization of that language is almost stupefyingly rational.

We can read that most of Book 1, Chapter 7 is spoken by Shaun, who attacks Shem mercilessly; only the last two pages are spoken by Shem, who confesses his sins and his brother's as well and who looks forward to new life through absorption in the waters of Anna Livia chapter. A translator is much charmed with the passages of sustained beauty toward the end which are the brother's denunciation and the mother's benediction. In translating this particular section one realizes that the relationship between sound and sense in the work of art has been frequently misunderstood, and we often hear the remark that the book cannot be understood unless it is read aloud. This notion is obviously nonsense: *Wake* is filled with visual effects, and the writer's use of sound to reinforce sense is not revolutionary. He aims in the work at exploiting all the potentialities of language, and onomatopoeia is only one of these.

For instance, we read the following passage of Chapter Seven:

Petty constable Sistersen of the Kruis-Kroon-Kraal it was, the parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the dugger the begadag degabug, who had been detailed from pollute stoties to save, this the quemquem, that the quum, from the ligatureliablous effects of foul clay in little clots. . .that wrong countered the tenderfoot an eveling near the livingsmeansuniumgetherum. . . . protoprostitute. . . through his boardinghouse. . . after the grace. . . the painful sake. . . countrysports. . . the dead. . . two gallonts. . . murder. . .

This quotation describes the scene in which the cop Sistersen, detailed to save Shem from the effects of foul play and mob-mauling, encountered him, "an eveling" on his way from a protoprostitute, just as he came round a corner of his boardinghouse and skittled in. The guardian was astonished

over the painful case etc. In this section the direct object of condemnation is of course Shem, none the less, the indirect one may be Joyce himself, as the transformed titles of Dubliners' stories are stated in it.

My Korean version of the above passage, particularly the rhythm of the phrasing like "the parochial watch, big the dog the dig the bog the bagger the duffer the begadag degabug. . ." sounds very different from the originals, but it easily suggests the idea, the words being homophones with just a little tonal variation: "교구의 파수꾼, 大犬 堀沼人 乞人 刀人 呪者 蟲者. . ." (pronounced *geogueui pasukun, daeguen sogulin gulin doin zusa chungza*). Also, the translation of the variation of the titles of Dubliners' stories contained here cannot be reproduced. The translator provides a parenthesis to show the connection of resemblance between the sounds and the idea, which however is so indirect and flimsy that they can hardly be considered equivalent.

In this final section of the same chapter, Shaun advises Shem to go to confession, accuses him of having failed to be fruitful and multiply, claims that he changed the course of nature, and urges him to get married. Shem, he says, shirked his clerical vocation and committed a variety of crimes. Shem's answer comes as a refreshing change, but an expected one. He repeats the declaration here: "My fault, his fault, a kinship through a fault!" But the mother will reunite the brothers, resolve these polarized principles, and eventually create new life through them. She is coming, by bridges and by weirs, by bog and bend, by hills and pools. I quote the final section of this provocative passage where suddenly, speaking through her "lonly son" A. L. P. takes over. She starts as a mere trickle in the Sallap high up in the Dublin Mountains, makes her way merrily down the foothills, passes through the city and out into Dublin Bay where she merges with the sea. Instead of the seedy magniloquence, preposterous aplomb of HCE's speech, we can hear the riverine music coursing through the marvelous prosaic prose:

. . . . with a beck, with a spring, all her rillringlets shaking, rocks drops in her tachie, tramtokens in her hair, all waived to a point and then all inuendation, little oldfashioned mummy, little wonderful mummy, ducking under bridges, bellhopping the weirs, dodging by a bit of bog, rapidshooting round the bends, by Tallaght's green hills, and the npools of the phooka and a place they call it Blessington and slipping sly by Sallynoggin, as happy as the day is wet, babbling, bubbling, chattering to herself, deloothing the fields on their elbows leaning with the sloothering side of her, giddygaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous Anna Livia.

1. translation

. . . . 몸짓으로, 발짓으로, 그녀의 고수머리를 온통 흔들면서, 걸쇠 바위 방울이 그녀의 손가방 속에 떨어지고, 그녀의 머리를 전차표 (電車標)로 장식하고, 모든 것이 한 점으로 손짓하고 그러자 모든 파상(波狀), 고풍(古風)의 귀여운 엄마여, 작고 귀여운 엄마, 다리(橋) 아래 몸을 먹감기며, 어살을 종도(鐘跳)하면서, 작은 연못 곁에 몸을 피하며, 배의 밧줄 주변을 급히 질주하면서, 텔라드의 프룬 언덕과 푸카 폭포의 연못 그리고 축복의 베싱턴이라 불리는 장소 곁을 통과 하면서, 살리노긴 지역 곁을 익살맞게 미끄러지면서, 비오는 날처럼 행복하게, 줄줄 소리내며, 거품을 일으키며, 혼자서 조잘대면서, 그녀의 알랑대는 미끄럼과 더불어 기댄 그들의 양 팔꿈치 위의 들판을 범람시키면서, 아찔한 유랑녀, 할머니 마마여, 수군대는 발걸음의 아나 리비아여.

2. exegesis

194. 30. beck: gesture: signal(archaic): brook:bow: curtsy(Scot): a large vat: the beak of an anvil

31. rillringlet: rill: rivulet: stream: rille: channel made by a small stream: groove: rillet:a little rill; ringlet: a small ring: curl

31. rocks: candy or cookie: money: money, diamond, jewel
(Am slang)
31. tachie: (G) pocket, hand bag:
31. tramtokens: tramtickets(floating in river): trams: streetcar
32. waive: give up: evade, decline: dismiss
32. inuendation: innuendo: namely, hint:
33. mummy: 마이이라. mamma
34. bellhopping: bellhop: bellboy, one who does messenger service within a bank, 사환: work as a bellboy who is available for running errands: hopping like a bellboy; to hop: to move by a quick leap
34. weir: dam: fence for catching fish(어살):
35. bends: chain, fetter
35. Tallaght: Green Hilla area near Tallaght
36. phooka: pooka: a mischievous or malignant goblin or specter held in Irish folklore to appear in the form of a horse to haunt bogs and marshes: hobgoblin: Poulphuca, chasm of Liffey
36. Blessington: town of Wicklow
195. 1. Sallynoggin: district of Dun Laoghaire
2. deloothing: flooding, deluging
3. sloothering: blarney, using flattering speech
- 3-4. giddygaddy: giddy: mad, foolish, lighthearted, dizzy; gaddy: gaddi, a low caste people
4. gossipaceous: gossip: chatter. -aceous: (suffix). . . of the natureof. . . characterized by. . .

As the exegetical analysis cited above might seem to imply, we have here many Wakean transformed linguistic forms or metamorphoses or the big, wide and complex linguistic forest of "polymorphous perversity"(to use

Brown's term again) like rhythmic cadences, assonances of "pools, phooka, place. . . . slopping, sly, Sallynoggin. . . babbling, bubbling. . . chattering, deloothing, sloothering. . . slide, giddygaddy, grannyma, gossipaceous. . . lifts the lifewand", like compound fractures of "pools. . . phooka, deloothing. . . sloothering", like rich occlusion, orthographic nuances, structural distortion, punnings, portmanteau of "rillringle": rivulet plus rillet plus rill; "mummy": mamma plus mummy"; "phooka": pooka plus Poulphuca, chasm of River Liffe etc.

This passage like the famous "set pieces" in the ending of Anna Livia depends more upon onomatopoeia along with other poetic diction than the rest of the book, and therefore tends to give a false impression. It is easy to understand how someone who has only listened to Joyce's great recording of the conclusion to Anna Livia might think of *Wake* as a "tone poem," but as A. Walton Litz indicates it, a sampling of other passages soon destroys this theory (Litz 108). The analogy is best sustained by Joyce's orchestration of motifs like the flow of comprehensive but inarticulate history courses through all levels of the book like Anna Livia herself here, not by the onomatopoeic effects. Joyce has tried to transform words into musical chords: his portmanteau creations sound a number of related themes or motifs simultaneously. *Wake* almost resembles a musical composition in its use of leitmotif and orchestrated language.

So the translation of Joyce's magic work, particularly like the passages analyzed above, requires a conscious application of principle even in the case of syllables and letters, together with all poetic total effect. However, the point in question is that the principle of the closest approximation in this poetic total effect does not imply that a transformation always produces an less satisfactory effect. It is really far from it. Therefore the Korean preservation of all these poetic formal features, which gives the passage a somewhat mysterious quality and appearance, plays a positive role in presenting the Joycean musicality.

Nevertheless, this exotic version full of homophonic word-characters, with its more through-going transformation to make it an admirable rendering, pregnant with all those Wakean linguistic peculiarities, appears to involve a relative reduction of the writer's original intention to describe the natural flow of life and artistic fertility Shem here is involved in. It is an irony here that the more the translator endeavors to enliven the preservation of the formal features of the source language, which is often simplistically identified with "faithfulness of the original text", the further he goes from reproducing the original intention of the writer. This is the dilemma of a translator, which might entail a total loss of "fun for all."

Shem finally concludes by putting on a magic act, Joyce's ultimate description of the artist as conceiver of imaginative realities: "He lifts the lifewand and the dumb speak". The "dumb" who speak are a tree and a stone, which in Anna Livia chapter carry on a conversation in the form of two washerwomen. Here Shem's life wand, in his artist's hand, evokes speech from elm and stone or those washerwomen by the river. According to Danis Rose and John O'Hanlon the section ends here with the speech of the dumb: the sound of rain: "—Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoi!" (Rose 112) David Norris however indicates that this "last word is a wonderful Joycean tough. It is the voice of ducks born down on the bosom on the river. But they are educated French-speaking ducks quacking 'whatwhatwhat' as though in puzzlement at this strange book." (Norris 156) Translating this combined images of meanings and sounds, along with French nuance, is another puzzle. The Korean translator choose the voice or sound of the river (주를 주루주루주루주루줄루루룩, pronounced *zurukzurukzurukzurukzuruk*), as the river itself introduces the next chapter.

Here Shaun's portraiture of the artist Shem is very interesting; for the most part it is easy to follow. He describes Shem as a grotesquely disfigured phony who asks riddles, eats canned foods, leaves Ireland, and

drinks sickening liquor like the wine that Joyce called "archduchess's urine". Unlike more or less immature Stephen in his earlier works, Shem is an apostate or heretic, a coward, particularly during war and insurrection, a plagiarist, a peeping Tom—and what is worse, he insists on writing about "the whole lifelong swrine story of his entire low cornailles existence" and slandering his famous father. Shem has "such a spoiled opinion of his monstrous marvellousity" that he boasts that he is aware of other "Shakhisbeard" to match himself and claims he will wipe "any english spooker" off the face of the earth just like Stephen's conversation with Lynch, in *A Portrait and Ulysses*:

. . . /he/ being a lapsis linquo with a ruvidubb shortartempa, bad cad dad fad sad mad nad vanhaty bear, the consciquenchers of casuality prepestered crusswords in postposition, scruff, scruffer, scrufferumurraimost andallthasortofthing, if reams stood to reason and his lanka livline lasted he would wipe alley english spooker, ultaphoniaksically spukimg, off the face of the erse.

. . . 나쁜 비열한 부패한 슬픈 미친 바보의 虛榮의 市場의, 루비튡 색의 상마른 기질을 가진 실어착란증 환자인지라, 因果 관계가 십자 말풀이를後置詞로, 모든 그따위 것들을 크게, 작게 스크럼을 짜맞추어 마련하고, 만일 押韻이 理致에 맞아 그 생명선의 실오라기가 견디는 한, 그는 比喻的多音聲的으로 말해서, 모든 英語 話者들을 지구의 표면에서 몽땅 쓸어 없애 버리리라.

The above passage being exegetically analyzed, "lapisus linguae"(L) will become "slip of tongue"(실어증 환자) (lapsi: child) (Fi), "shortartempa": "short temper," "fad": "stale"(G), "vanhaty bear": "vanity fair"(Thackeray), "crusswords": "crosswords", "prepestered": "preposterous", "imprding before", "scruff": "neck"(목덜미): "one that is worthless", "to treat lightly",

"scruffer": "scruffman"(a smelter who melts tin), "reams": "cream," "froth", "stretch", "a quantity of paper", "open up, clear", "lanka": "thread", "livline": "life line", "alley": "all", "any", "spooker": "speaker", "erse": "earth", and so forth. As seen in this analysis, in spite of the complexity of the polysemantic implication of all punnings, orthographical nuances of, say, Swinburne's *A Ballad of Francis Villon*: "Villon our sad bad glad mad brother's name", wordy distortions, etc., our reading of Shem story here touches off a reflection on mimetic truthfulness, embedded in a scene of perhaps unprecedented novelistic realism.

In any translation of this passage it does not follow as a matter of course that the total reconstruction will always bring about an equivalent effect of the original, but the important fact is to catch its aesthetic quidditas, the Shelleyian "fading coal," based upon this literary mimesis. One look at this analysis is sufficient for most translators to decide that ordinary methods for rendering the text would not do here, but it takes a great deal of thinking to find an adequate solution. In "Scylla" of *Ulysses* Stephen declares the identity of the double movement in body and text: "As we, or mother Dana, weave and unweave our bodies. . . from day to day. . . so does the artist weave and unweave his image." What Stephen names here is, rather, the translator's simultaneous process of the composition and decomposition of the matrix of the text; and the translation of Finnegans Wake acts out this simultaneity of what Stephen calls "postcreation."

Taking himself in his "art of arts" for "some god in the manger,"(188) Shem also refuses to serve. Like Stephen, Shem is prig, sponger, and victim of pride. "Self exiled in upon his ego,"(184) his heretical outlaw, abandoning the four masters who brought him, scribbles "inartistic portraits of himself" in "monolook interyear."(182) These portraits of "telema"(176) (mac:machintosh:장거리 우장, Telemachus) include *Dubliners*(186-87), "his usylessly unreadable Blue Book of Eccles,"(179), and *Wake* or those

"quashed quotatoes" and "messes or mottage"(183) for which he has sold his birthright.

Much of the chapter is a parody of Joyce's life and can be enjoyed as such without reference to deeper levels of meaning. The brilliant passage on 185-86, however, beginning with a paragraph in Latin, requires a more complex response, although autobiographical elements are prominent here as well. The Latin passage has been wonderfully rendered into English by A. N. Fagnoli and M. P. Gillespie, and carefully analyzed by Father Robert Boyle, who argues that it "sets forth the philosophy of art, the bitter vulgarity, the delight in word-play, the rebellious blasphemy, the determination to total honesty, the doubt itself, the hatred of hypocrisy, the straining idealism of the youthful Joyce"(Boyle, 15). In the passage, Joyce describes the artistic process: the artificer drops his pants, craps in his hand, puts the feces in a vessel, adds his urine, and cooks the mixture to create indelible ink. In the same paragraph, Joyce elaborates on the same image of the artist as scatologist: Shem produces "obscene matter" from his body and writes all over his skin, thereby becoming "transaccidented" into his book, hiding himself with his ink until he disappears into his work.

Beneath all the humor of scatology as of anality and fecality in *Ulysses*, the Korean translator of this section has realized that this is perhaps the most sophisticated discussion of the relationship of the translator to his work, which is highly personal in its inception but becomes "perilous, potent, common to allflesh, human only, mortal" through the great process of transmutation that he shares with other types of alchemists. This experience shows that "the puterperfect imperturbality"(in Mr. Deasy's terms) to a Joycean translator "torn by conflicting doubts"of his "translatorese" is taboo, and his work of art is the continuation of torturing him with a red hot iron steadily hammered at.

The "Anna Livia Plurabelle" chapter is by far the most popular segment

of the book, partly because of Joyce's own sensitive recording of the part of the chapter. Joyce described the episode succinctly as "a chattering dialogue across the Live(Liffey) by two washerwomen who as night falls become a tree and a stone." One thing that is happening throughout this part is that as the women wash Earwicker's dirty clothes, his dirt pollutes the river, which is another way of saying that Anna Livia is cleansing him of sin by taking the sins on herself.

At this point in the chapter, we become aware that night is falling, the river is becoming louder, and the women on opposite banks cannot see or hear each other very well. At the end of the chapter, the women have become a tree and a stone on opposite banks, which again is appropriate in view of the names they are given later: "Queer Mrs Quickenough and odd Miss Doddpebble". Yet the tree and stone are also Shem and Shaun, as we know from the end of the Mookse and Gripes episode, and in the next few chapters, it is these sons who emerge as the center of interest.

The "Anna Livia Plurabelle" section is in itself a comic dialogs, yet, in discussing the character and affairs of the most beautiful figure of the work, as Bernard Benstock points it out, "it manages to rise to many instances of lyrical heights of foreshadowing the final rhapsodic soliloquy of the book." (Benstock 141) The following quoted passage in which Anna Livia's death is already being mourned strongly, reminds us of Simon's singing scene of Martha in "Sirens" episode of *Ulysses*. The mood of lyrical flights of both passages represents Water Peter's or Dan Dawson's aesthetics that all arts aspires to the condition of music. Furthermore, the lyrical power of the passage with soothing effect viewed in its benign beauty, is just the anti-climax of Gerty's mounting excitement and increasing exposure of her imaginative consummation of fire-eyed holocaust in "Nausicaa", whose expression a famous Modernist novelist Vladimir Nabokov identifies with lyrical poem.

1. text

Wait till honeying of the lune, love! Die eve, little eve, die! We see that wonder in your eye. We'll meet again, we'll part once more. The spot I'll seek if the hour you'll find. My chart shines high where the blue milk's upset. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Buby! And you, pluck your watch, forgetmenot. Your evenlode. So save to jurna's end! My sights are swimming thicker on me by the shadows to this place. I sow home slowly now by own way, moyvalley way. Towy I too, rathmine(215. 3-11).

2. exegetical analysis

215. 3. honeying: rising: speaking ingratiatingly

315. 4. lune: a half moon: long: lone: Lune(river)

315. 4. Die eve: Die evening: Die Eve

315. 4. wonder(Chinese, 不可思議)

315. 5. eye: (name of river)

315. 6. chart: heart

315. 6-7. the blue milk's: the blue milk: the blue milky way:
Milk(name of river)

315. 7. upset: built vertically

315. 7. Forgivemequick: forgive me quick: (Japanese, 시츠레이)
forgive and forget me quick

315. 7. Buby: (Japanese, 사요나라) Bubble: Bubby: Bumble"
Bumbry: Burble: Burbly: Busby: Busboy: Busby: Bauble:
Buby(goodbye or name of river)

315. 8. evenlode: Evenlode(river) eventide(Japanese, 요루노):
everglade: lodestone(magnetic possessing polarity)
(Chinese, 天然 磁石) of evening: lodestar(that leads or guides)
of evening

315. 8. Save(name of river)

315. 9. jurna's: juntals(Sp.)(council): juring's: journey's: jurua(river)
 315. 10. sow: Sow(name of River) am on: saw: go
 315. 10. by: my
 315. 10-11. moyvalley: my valley: Moyvally(Co. Kildare, on Liffey)
 315. 11. Towy: Tony: Tory: Toy: Towny: Today: Todday:
 Tommy: Toshi: Tossy: To all way
 315. 11. rathmine: rathbone: ratline: ave a mine: Rathmines

3. matrix

Wait till the rising of the half moon, love! Die Eve, little Eve,
 die! We see that wonder in your eye. We'll meet again, we'll
 part once more. The spot I'll seek if the hour you'll find. My
 chart shines where the blue milk's upset. Forgive me quick. I'm
 going! Byebye! And you, pluck your watch, forget me not. Your
 lodestone of evening. So save to journey's end! My sights are
 swimming thicker on me by the shadows to this place. I am on
 home slowly now by my own way, my valley way. To all way
 I too, Rathmine.

4. Korean translation

반달이 뜰 때까지 기다려, 사랑이여! 이브여 사라져요, 작은 이브여,
 사라져! 우리는 당신의 눈에서 저 不可思議를 본단 말이야. 우리는
 다시 만날 거야, 그리고 한 번 더 헤어질 거야. 당신이 그 시간을 알
 게 되면 나도 그 장소를 찾을 테야. 푸른 은하수가 꺼구로 서 있는
 곳에 내 별의 圖表가 빛나고 있어. 그럼 이만 시츠레이, 나는 가요!
 사요나라! 그리고 당신 시계를 끄집어 내요, 나를 잊지 말아요 아나
 다노 요루노 天然 磁石. 여정의 마지막까지 무사하길! 이곳의 그림자
 때문에 나의 시력이 몹시 어쩔거리고 있다오. 지금 나는 천천히 내
 자신의 길을 따라, 내 골짜기 길을. 나 역시 내 길을 따라, 라스민.

As seen in the above exegetical analysis, adding additional weight and power to the poetic passage is Joyce's manipulation of various languages. Besides the multilingual aspect of the passage English itself is a hybrid and composed of fragments of many tongues and Joyce as the "typical" Irishman is himself a cultural representative of more than one ethnic group. It is interesting to notice that in Korean translation of *Finnegans Wake* foreign languages like Chinese(不可思議, pronounced bulgasae, 圖表, dopyo, 天然 磁石, *chunyeon zasuk*) and Japanese(시즈레이, 아나다노 요루노) invade its version as foreigners had for centuries invaded the native land of Korea. They are just as readily assimilated and indeed add to the cultural composition of its translation, providing an unlimited poetic possibilities for the translator's own language, even though Japanese colonial power, for instance, ironically sought to ban the importation and transplantation of Western ideas and culture into the land.

In the above passage the poetic value of the work is very striking; Joyce has selected his language very carefully and uses lyrical one for various poetic effects—effects integrated with the themes and characters. But here again one may well wonder whether the Korean version catches the spirit of the original. The starting phrases connote a lullaby: "She's dead, little Eve, little Eve she's dead. . . Strange things are seen in the eyes of persons on the point of death" with honeymoon image. Here in the Korean text the partial copying of the original tag and its rhyming end plus partial meaningful translation is inevitable. But since that is nothing but a phonetic pattern, one cannot be quite certain that a Korean reader not familiar with English word see the semantic similarity. Accordingly the equivalence or rather identity of the proper passage seems to be maintained at some expense of the comical and lyrical effect found in the original.

The original word of "evenlode" in the same passage is the conglomeration of syllables like "lodestone" or "lodestar" of "evening". This

becomes the Korean coinage “夜磁石”(pronounced *ya-za-suk*), whose three Chinese characters literally mean “night” plus “magnet” plus “star.” The Korean readers of this so-called “transwriting” art of Joycean Artificer, which I wish to call “Creation from nothing,”(to borrow Stephen’s term in *Ulysses*) might derive some amusement from this and have much fun in seeing it because of the witty play on the sounds and ideas of the characters, because of something which has been fully evolved in a comic dialogue between two gossiping washerwomen. I think the Korean words translate “evenlode” wonderfully well in its context, showing a certain Tom Moore’s finger-like “roguishness”.

Also we have seven river-names such as “Lune”, “Eye”, “Milk”, “Bubye”, “Evenlode”, “Save”, “Jurua” in this short passage, where the twilight makes the woman imagine she sees a ghost (“that wonder”). And she thinks of the stars appearing in the emphysema above her. This scene is strongly reminiscent of the evening twilight in Sandymount where old Bloom monopolizes: “A star! See. Venus? Can’t tell yet. . . . Looks like a phantom ship. . .” But dusk thickens. There is no time for tardiness; it is now so dark the woman cannot see, her “sights are swimming thicker” on her “by the shadows to this place.” And the other cannot hear. They agree to go home, one by her way, “moyvalley way”; the other too by hers, “rathmine”. Here again the translator’s ingenuity is faced with the difficulties of intermixing the complexity of surface meanings with the seemingly meaningless names of rivers included.

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Aristotle in his *Poetics* writes that though literature is fiction, it is not randomness, but probability; when we read literature(tragedy) we feel a pity, a catharsis. Translation of *Finnegans Wake* is not an impossibility which

Walter Benjamin asserts (Benjamin 75). It does not require an exactitude, but a probability; it is an art of creation, a "movement, an actuality of the possible as possible" and an exploration of potential actualities. In his last work, not to mention *Ulysses*, Joyce carries many of the methods and assumptions of modern literature to their logical extremes, thereby focusing our attention on crucial translation problems. As the very avatar of his *Zeitgeist*, his work of art will remain in his devotion to a kind of the tabernacle of monasticism for the few and the unconscious Holy Font for the many contemporaries. And nothing will change the fact that his *Wake*, the summa of the whole ethos of his period will stand firm as one of the greatest magnum opus(s) affecting the whole art. The inevitability of its translation may lie indeed in such a major premise. Paul Gray, *The Time* magazine senior writer, recently wrote: "Today, the only dedicated Joyceans regularly attend the *Wake*. A century from now, his readers may catch up with him." These remarks may be applicable to the future Korean readers.

Thank you.

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